

AN ELEGY

CWP21 924/37

On the much Lamented Death of the Gallant

Lord HOWE,

Admiral of the Fleet and General of the Marine Forces

Who departed this Life on Monday, August 5,
1799, in Grafton-street, Piccadily.

ON Monday morning died, in the 73d year of his age, at his house, in Grafton-street, Piccadily, the Right Honourable RICHARD HOWE, Earl and Viscount Howe, of Longar, in Nottinghamshire, Viscount Howe, and Baron Clenawley, in Ireland. His Lordship succeeded his brother, George Augustus, late Viscount, July 5, 1758.

In the year 1746 he was made Captain in the Royal Navy, in 1770 a Rear-Admiral, in 1775 a Vice-Admiral, in 1782 a full Admiral of the White, and in 1796 Admiral of the Fleet, and General of his Majesty's Marine Forces; his Lordship was created an Earl for his eminent services in the year 1788, and was invested with the order of the garter.

His Lordship dying without male issue, his Irish honours descend to his brother Sir William Howe; the English Earldom and Viscounty become extinct; his daughters and their male heirs claim the English Barony.

His achievements, while commander of our fleets, particularly on the 1st of June, reflects the highest honour on his character; and must endear his memory to every Briton.

An ELEGY.

ALAS! Britannia weeping cry'd,

Brave Howe is now no more,
His gallant soul has wing'd its flight,
To bliss for evermore!

The pallid tyrant, to our sorrows blind,
Has stole the bravest of the human kind.

Oh! cruel Death could nought assuage
The terrors of thy skill,
Or deprecate thy ruthless rage,
Go, if fore-doom'd to practice deadly arts,
And stop the pulses of unworthy hearts.

With slow and melancholy mein,
See Neptune now appears;
His cheeks are sicklied with the scene,
His face bedew'd with tears:
While British tars his heroic deeds recount,
The glorious first of June sums up the amount.

Glorious day! Britain's boast,
Gallia's scourge and dread;
For, since that great immortal day,
France never rear'd her head:
Her beaten navy she does still deplore,
While thy fame sounds from shore to shore.

Far distant on the wings of Fame,
Thy gallant actions spread;
In History's ever living page,
Thy memory shall live:
While British tars ride masters of the deep,
Her gallant tars shall at thy mem'ry weep.

When mortal worth resigns his breath,
As mortal virtue must;
He triumphs o'er the sting of Death,
The victory of dust:
Attending angels mitigate his pains,
And draw his spirit from the flaccid veins.

Let our naval sons of worth,
Their fallen mate deplore;
And bid her Genius boast his birth,
And weep that he's no more!
And while they, in sympathy, his loss bewail,
Let each, in valour, seek a rival fame.

'Tis not for us the paths to scan,
That guides us to the tomb:
'Tis fruitless ire, for impious man,
To murmur at his doom:
Howe, having done his duty here below,
His souls now entered on the realms above.

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